

The Food Fight

by Taiyin

Category: Port Charles

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-09-07 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-09-07 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:09:22

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,488

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Kevin & Lucy engage in a little creative cooking...

The Food Fight

Gourmet Kitchen

#

Gourmet Kitchen

> <p> <p>

* * *

> Disclaimers: The General Hospital and/or _Port Charles_ characters do not belong to me. And though I could not do as much damage to them as their rightful owners often do, no harm is intended by this piece of fiction -- so don't sue me unless you want to end up with my student loan debts.

Â Â Â Â Â "Lucy?" Kevin called as he dropped his coat on the chair.

Â Â Â Â Â "I'm in the kitchen, Doc."

Â Â Â Â Â An alarmed look spread across Kevin's face as he bolted toward the kitchen to rescue his precious appliances from the Domestic Menace That Is Lucy. "The kitchen?" he asked as he sailed in the door.

Â Â Â Â Â "Well, of course, silly!" Lucy looked up from her mess and smiled at her Doc. "Hey there, handsome." Giving him a quick kiss she turned around again and focused on her work.

Â Â Â Â Â "Lucy," Kevin forced back a chuckle, "what exactly are you

trying to do?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "I'm baking a cake," Lucy said as if it were perfectly obvious.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "A cake." Kevin nodded, moving closer to the unrecognizable blob Lucy was slathering with what he could only assume was supposed to be frosting. "What's the occasion?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Lucy looked up at Kevin again. "You know, Doc, I thought I was the one who did dumb things like forget important dates."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Kevin studied her face for a moment before slapping the heel of his hand against his forehead. "Of course! Our anniversary."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Hmph. Men!" Lucy returned to her creation.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "You know, Lucy, there really is no need for you to go to all thisâ€¦ trouble." Kevin raised his hand to her cheek to wipe off some flour.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "No trouble at all," Lucy answered distractedly.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Ah," Kevin nodded again as he started brushing sugar from her shoulders. "Lucy," he stopped suddenly.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Yes, Doc," she sighed, quite tired of the distractions.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "How did you get sugar in your hair?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Lucy looked up at him and scrunched her face. "Sigmund and I had a littleâ€¦ accident."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Sigmund?" Kevin raised his eyebrows. "Nevermind. I don't want to know." Smiling at Lucy he slipped his arm around her waist. "You know, Lucy," he said softly as he pulled her close, "it's one thing to sample your food while you're cooking â€" it's a tradition, even. But you're not supposed to get it all over your mouth."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Oops," Lucy giggled as she eyed Kevin closely.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "I guess I'll just have to clean it up for you then," he said as he leaned forward and slowly licked the frosting from the corner of Lucy's mouth.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Lucy sighed as he pulled away. "All better?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Quite."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Well, then I suppose we should move onto something else." Lucy reached her hand into the bowl and dipped her finger into the frosting. Raising her hand threateningly, she asked, "And where would you like this, Doctor Collins?"

Kevin pulled away defensively and reached for the bowl of whipped cream. Darting for a spoon, he dipped it in the bowl and pulled out a glob of whipped cream, poised and ready to fire. "I don't know, Lucy. Where would you like this?"

"Tisk, tisk, Doctor." Extending her frosting covered finger toward Kevin's grinning mouth she said, "That's not _quite_ what I had in mind." Kevin opened his mouth and began greedily sucking on her finger, circling it with his tongue to get all of the frosting off.

Before he finished Lucy slyly reached into the bowl with her other hand. Scooping out a handful of frosting, she launched a full assault and caught Kevin square in the face.

"Oh!" Kevin gasped, letting her finger drop from his mouth. He dug his spoon back into the bowl of whipped cream and flung it at her. Lucy squealed and turned just in time to catch the airborne mass in the middle of her bare back.

"Eewww!" Lucy squirmed around, trying to shake the whipped cream off her back. Kevin slipped up behind her and smeared it up her spine to the base of her neck before she could dart away. "Oh, oh, oh, you are asking for it now, Doctor!"

"Me?" Kevin retreated to the opposite side of the butcher block. "You started this one, Lucy!" Grinning broadly he dug his hand into the jar of flour. "I dare you!"

"Oh?" Lucy batted her eyelashes. "You _dare_ me? My, my Doctor, you know I can't resist a dare." Lucy slowly started circling the kitchen as Kevin followed her every move.

Kevin watched as Lucy casually scanned the room for more ammunition. As a smug smile crossed her face he darted quickly for her new weapon of choice. He crashed into her as her hand snaked around the neck of the champagne bottle just a split second before he got to it.

With flour strung all over both of them (and half the kitchen) Kevin retreated quickly to the opposite side of the room. He smiled as Lucy shook the champagne bottle, preparing to open it. "Now Lucy, I've never known you to waste a perfectly good bottle of French champagne."

Lucy slowly walked toward him, shaking the bottle the entire time. "Doc, really, who said I was going to waste it?"

Kevin scrambled toward the six-pack of diet soda on the counter. Tucking them under his arm, he pulled one out and began shaking it, preparing for a retaliation against Lucy. "Spraying me with it does seem a little wasteful."

"Not if I lick it off you when I'm all done," Lucy purred as she moved closer.

Kevin abandoned his defensive posture and stood up straight. "If you're going to make promises like that, I won't even

bother trying to fight you."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Good," Lucy beamed. "I like an easy target." Forcing the cork out of the bottle, she aimed the fountain of bubbly at Kevin, who ducked and slid across the kitchen with Lucy close behind. Prying open the first can of soda he turned and aimed it at Lucy, catching her full in the face before she crashed into him, sending them both sprawling across the floor.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ In a fit of squeals and laughter Lucy pinned Kevin to the floor as she sat up and reached for the jar of flour. Kevin swiftly pulled her back down on the floor, only to find himself covered with the remaining flour.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Lucy scrambled back on top of Kevin. "Give up?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Kevin caught her gaze and held it as he reached his hand out behind her back for another can of soda. "Maybe," he said as he opened it and began pouring it on Lucy's back.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Ah!" Lucy screamed and jumped up, knocking the can out of Kevin's hands. "You are dog meat now, bub!"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Kevin grimaced, "_Don't_ call me 'bub'!"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Bub, bub, bub, bub, bub, bub, bub," Lucy chanted as she frolicked around the kitchen until she got to the sink.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Kevin watched her patiently until she reached for the spray hose. "Oh no you don't!" he thundered across the room. Catching her off guard, he pinned her against the sink with his body. Pushing against him she tried to turn the hose on him before he pried it out of her hands.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Oh poo!" she pouted, as Kevin gripped the nozzle victoriously, while continuing to trap her against the sink. "You wouldn't attack a poor, weaponless woman, would you?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Kevin studied her for a moment before sighing dramatically, "Oh... damn straight I would!" He raised his hand over her head and pulled the trigger. Before Lucy could squirm out of his grip she was soaking wet, with water and whipped cream running down her body. "Now," Kevin cleared his throat and dropped the hose back into the sink. "Do _you_ give up?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Lucy fixed her eyes on his for a long moment.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "I'll make it worth your while," Kevin promised as he lowered his lips to her long neck. Slowly and deliberately he began licking the whipped cream and frosting from her bare flesh.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Lucy closed her eyes and sighed as Kevin licked away all the remaining whipped cream from her neck and shoulders. "You know," Kevin whispered against her skin, "this is in the way." He unbuttoned the back of Lucy's halter top and pulled the shoulder straps away. "Now, my love, I think we need to do something about all this... mess."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Lucy's eyes never left his. "What do you have in mind?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "A bubblebath," he suggested, loosening his grip on her.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Lucy pouted. "We're out of champagne, though."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Kevin grinned and moved toward the freezer. "We have something just as good, though." Reaching inside he pulled out a pint of Double Fudge Brownie ice cream and turned to wave it under her nose. "What do you say?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "I say... I'll race you."

****The End****

End
file.